

Dog and Cat Hospital

By W. E. Hill

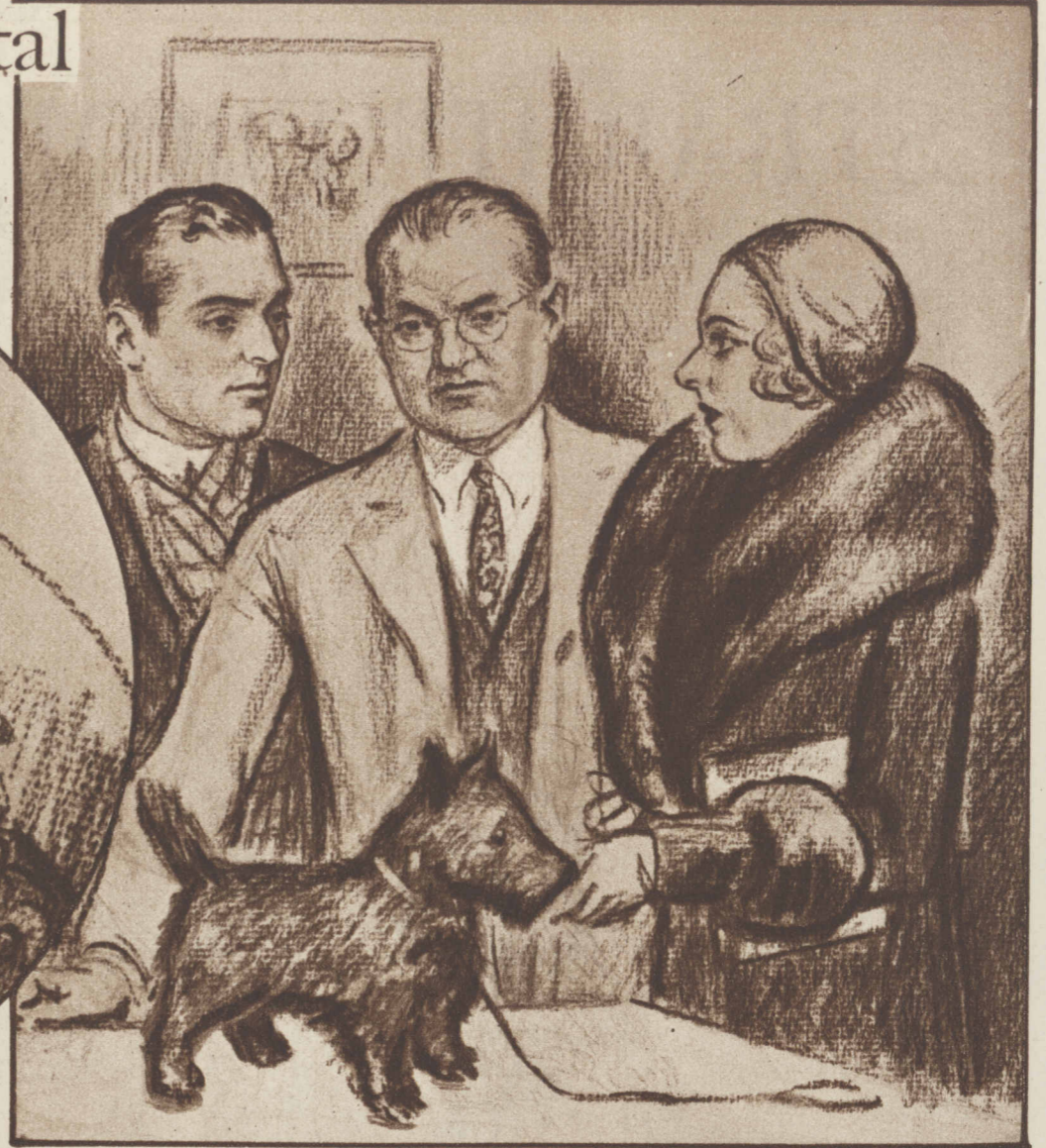
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"We have had to sit up with her night after night, Dr. Paws, and it's just wearing us to a shadow!"



"Doctor! Fifi's been suffering with fleas, and we've had a perfectly frightful time here in the apartment!"



"And then, too, doctor, he will run away. My husband and I have done everything we can think of—a friend told us to try buttering his paws, and we did, but he still runs away."



Miss Simpson, the cat lover, is bringing her first dog—a darling little something or other named Bozo—to the dog doctor to have his claws clipped. (Her Persian cat nearly wrecked the overstuffed furniture last year.)



From a distance these two opera patrons are, you would swear, telling each other how swell Rosa Raisa took her high notes. All wrong. Lady number one is saying to lady number two, "Don't take 'Cara' to anybody but Dr. Woolly if she has worms! We took our Sealyham, 'Rags,' to five different vets, and they all said it was mange before we tried Dr. Woolly, and he cured him!"



This young man is bringing Topsy, the family cat, to the cat lying-in ward of the pet hospital. If this were only a talking picture you would be very much intrigued by the noises coming from the cat carryall.



Meet Miss Stutzberger, the lady assistant, who takes down the addresses and sees that clients pay a deposit down and one thing and another. Miss Stutzberger fixes up like a trained nurse, which gives confidence and comfort to the visitor. She has a lovely way with her, too, in time of sorrow, and you'd be downright touched to hear her say via telephone, "Mrs. Macsbaum, I regret to say that your cat passed away this morning; do you want the remains saved?"



Look at this family reunion, will you! Mitzi is all over her distemper and ready to be taken home. If she will stay still long enough to have her collar and leash adjusted. Mitzi is a very happy little dog this morning!



Waiting to interview Dr. Paws at Dr. Paws' Pet sanitarium, are three lovely clients with ailing charges. One and all they are just a wee bit suspicious of possible disease germs harbored by other people's dogs, particularly the lady on the right, who does not at all like the look of the fur coat next her. Margot, the Peke, is being sheltered from mange infection.